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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I used to know what path to take, but i'm no longer seven, i'm now responsible for myself. Good memories flash thru my mind of when me and my brothers where children, all holding mum's hand, walking this path, taking it home.

I suddenly stop. I feel like i'm going to regurgitate. I quickly crouch down on the side of the path, leaning over but still pulling my long hair back, behind my ears. I stay there a few minutes until the feeling is gone. I stand up as i can hear someone call me "Hello Dear" he says "Have you lost your way home?"

At those exact words, i briefly spin around. "Oh, hello sir. I was just leaving"

His name is Mr.Princeton, Princeton Dimitri. He's in charge of order in the whole CUPTIN. A CUPTIN is a country. No one uses the term continent, country, or even city since the new mayor has arrived.

"Oh. I see, well it would be my pleasure to walk you back, if i may."replies Dimitri to my first sudden and embarrassing answer.

"It's not you, but i'm so sorry. I, i just can't "i admit.

He then tells me that he understands, and walks away with a light smile on his face. As he does

such as so, i stare at him walking away.

Once he's gone, i finally unfreeze. I quickly pick up my hat, flatten my dress and get moving. As i'm coming back up to the Main Street, i spot my favourite monument, the Lost Angels. It's a beautiful monument in the middle of a glowing fountain. It has such detail, from the top of the Angels' crowns to the base of the fountain.

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Every time i pass by, i can't help but to gaze upon it. And in a matter of fact, that's what i'm doing right now.

i'm almost home as grey clouds start to fulfill the blue sky, and are followed by a set of rain.

I pick up my dress and start to run across Grandfathers field. I can see his castle from here, and as i go to take a leap over a mud puddle. "Ah! " i clumsily trip and fall instantly to the ground.

After a while, i try to get back up but my heel get's caught in my dress and i fall back down.

Angry, i pound my fists on the dirt in attempt to make noise but instead, the mud just bounces right back at my face.

I start to cry as i slowly ring my hair out, trying to let all the wetness out.

My eyes are strong, but every few minutes i attempt to get back up, but fail.

I'm sobbing, and my eyes start to blur. I suddenly hear no more apart from my moaning.

I couldn't feel worse than this, muddy, wet, angry and my eyes that are actually starting to fall asleep, what more could add up to my misery.

I'm almost asleep as i realise that someone in the distance is calling my name.

But my eyes can't take any more. I black out.

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